# THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.


## AN APPEAL.

O hear me, cruel-hearted thief,
This is my last appeal to you!
Here read the cause of all my grief,
And see the mischief that you do.

You took from me my tender heart,
Though you it could no profit bring—
Now mine is but an idle part:
I have no heart for anything.

You robbed me of my healthful sleep,
To me the night no more brings rest:
Your haunting graces round me sweep
Whene'er my troubled pillow's pressed.

You stole my appetite away,
Alas! I can no longer eat:
The dining hours that sweetened day
Have lost the charm that made them sweet.

Give back, give back all these again,
And you I will forever bless;
For me to live with none were vain,
While you can surely live with less.

Or if a part you wish to keep,
I yield perforce unto your might:
So hold you then my heart and sleep,
But O, return my appetite.

—C. Thomas Duvall, in Life.

## SUGY-HONEY'S MISSION.

HERE was no pomp or ceremony at the christening of Sugy-Honey, neither would the most visionary astrologer have endowed her with a mission.

Her mother was the favorite maid of a pretty Georgia girl before the days of secession, and had given her baby this queer-sounding name because, as she explained to her young mistress:

"Sugar is sweet, en so is honey, en de bady is sweeter dan eider, en so I'se named her fer bofe."

Mary Mason laughed at her servant's fancy, but she was an indulgent mistress and made no real objection, so that Hannah's baby was henceforth known to Hazel Dell farm as "Sugy-Honey."

To mistress and maid, as to mother and child, the happy years went by with presage of the honors of war in store for that summer land and that sunny-hearted people. Yet when the first gun of Fort Sumpter sent its thunderous echoes round the world, it found Mary's father already the colonel of a regiment on its way to join his command, leaving his plantation to the care of his wife and daughter and a few trusted servants. These had proved themselves faithful in the days of peace and prosperity. They were now to be found not less so through years of adversity and peril. Hannah, with Jack, her husband, and Sugy-Honey were the main house servants. "All I own in the world and all I love I leave in your hands, were the last words of Col. Henson as he rode away, and events proved that he knew in whom he could trust.

The day came at last, when the war, with all its changes, was over, and Hannah had heard that her master was coming home.

Four years of civil strife had left their impress on the hillside and valley, as well as in the hearts of the people. The Henson mansion, which had been built in colonial times, of stone brought as ballast from the mother country, was now a heap of ruins, and its ashes had been trampled by swaying lines of men grappled together in the deadly struggle for victory. Another impressive symbol of the family misfortunes was a newly-made grave in the little family burying ground, where an inscription on a slab of white pine told to those who cared to read that the mother of the household had closed her eyes to the sorrows of time. Hannah was making ready for her master a little room in the corner of the yard called an office, which, with her own cabin, were the only buildings left standing. While thus occupied she was expounding her troubles to Sugy-Honey, who was diligently scrubbing the floor.

"Dese here is quare times, Sugy-Honey, I tell yer. Eberbody gon off de place but you en me, en yer daddy; en po' ole miss dade wid heartbreak, case Miss Mary went en marry dat Yankee capting. En what is I gwine

"OH, MARSTER, WHO IS TO TELL YOU 'BOUT DAT?"

ter tell marster when he cum? I jess lak to know dat!"

Sugy-Honey did not essay to solve this problem, but giving her scrubbing brush an extra dig, she said:

"Mammy, does yer reckon marster will tek on 'bout Miss Mary gittin' married lak ole Miss did?"

"Sho! chile, ole Miss didn't keer so much fer herself; she done give up ter take whatebber de Lawd sen'; 'twas jess case she knowed how marster wus gwine rar when he git home."

The clicking of the little gate broke in on the conversation, and turning they saw Col. Henson standing at the door.

He had once been a handsome man, but hardship and suffering had left their mark upon him, and he looked old and worn.

"Thank de Lawd, marster," said Hannah. "I sho' is glad ter see yer back. Take dis cheer by de fire"—dusting that article with her handkerchief the while, though it was already spotless—"Set dar en warm yer po' tired feet, en lem me git yer sum supper."

Hannah knew he had heard of his wife's death, and of the destruction of the house, but no one had told him of the defection of his daughter, and she was seeking with bustle and clatter to put off the evil moment when the ill-tidings must be told.

Col. Henson made no reply, but looked through the window at the vacant spot where his home once stood, and at the grave just beyond the box borders of the garden, showing a reddish yellow in the last rays of the setting sun.

His face, though sad, was not hopeless, for despite the issues of the war and the desolation surrounding him, he was expecting each moment to hear his daughter's voice and to feel her arms around his neck. He had been alone in his sorrow so long! Why did she not come? At last he turned to Hannah and said: "Where is Mary?"

"Oh, marster, who is to tell you 'bout dat? I can't," and throwing her apron over her head she rocked to and fro, shaking with sobs.

"Speak, woman," said the colonel, sternly; "is she dead?"

Hannah uncovered her face and looked at him. When he looked and talked like that she knew she must obey.

"She is married, en when she heard you wus in prison she en her husband say dey gwine get yer out."

"Married? And to whom?"

"Ter dat capting whar cum long here wid Gineral Sherman. He took keer ob her en ole miss when de house wus burnt, en though she hated a Yankee like pizen, love is stronger dan hate, en she loved him."

Col. Henson said nothing, but he looked like a man who had received his death blow.

Hannah knelt at his feet, pouring out from her heart protestations of loyalty and affection, and from a stocking she had taken from her pocket two hundred dollars in gold. She begged him to take the money; she had made it in various ways, and saved it for him. And then she added:

"I'se gwine ter stay wid yer, marster; case dat's what I promised ole miss when she wus on her dyin' bed, wid one han' in my han' en de oder in Miss Mary's. But she looked at me last, en she say in a whisper: 'You'll stay wid dem, Hannah?' en I answered: "Fore God, I will, while dere's bref in my body,' en I ain goin' back on a promus ter be daid, not if I know it!"

As she rose to her feet Col. Henson said: "Keep the money for yourself, Hannah," and with an imperious wave of his hand: "Never let me hear my daughter's name again."

And that was all he would say.

Hannah cooked for him, saw that he slept comfortably, and tried in many ways to arouse his old-time interest in the farm. It was all in vain. A mental paralysis seemed to have settled down upon him that nothing could dispel.

"He jes' lak dade man walkin'," Hannah said to her husband. "He's got a look on his face lak he wus seein' through eternity. He nebber say nuthin', he go erlong ebery mawnin' ter ole miss's grave, en dar he sets. He won' read nur write, nur nuttin'."

"He gwine go crazy sum er dese days," answered Jake, dolefully.

"He look so curous outen his eyes," Hannah continued, "I gittin' 'fraid ter let him set thar by heself all day. I t'ink I'll make Sugy-Honey stay dar mosely, so she kin tell me ef he try ter hurt heself."

Jake assented to this, and after ample explanation it was understood between the three that Sugy-Honey was to be valet de chambre to Col. Henson. She well remembered her young mistress, whom she adored with an affection the mistress of to-day never knows. The knowledge that Miss Mary would want her to stay with "marster" touched a responsive chord in her heart. She could not do too much. Each day thereafter found her in attendance. Sometimes, in an obtrusive corner, she rubbed the knives; at other times she softly played checkers on an old shawl; but whatever her apparent occupation, hands, feet and eyes were always at his service. If he happened to be thirsty, she brought the colonel fresh water; if sleepy, she beat up the pillow on his lounge, and fanned him while he took a nap. Sometimes she sat with a stray newspaper in her hand pointing out the letters and making them into words; for her young mistress had taught her a little, and told her to try and learn more.

Col. Henson seemed scarcely conscious of her presence. He appeared to be silently sinking into the grave, for the mental and physical suffering he had endured. His daughter's marriage seemed to have been a final blow that almost dethroned his reason.

Just at this juncture Hannah received a letter from Mary, which she brought to Sugy-Honey to read. Mary asked for news of her father, and said they had been unable to trace him; and wound up by telling of her baby boy, named for Col. Henson.

This was great news to Sugy-Honey, and she decided to write and ask her young mistress to come home and bring the baby. She had learned to write a little, and after many attempts she evolved this letter:

"DERE MISS MARY: You is my miss mary yit, eben if we all is free. Hab we fergot de good time we uster hab? I loves you: oh, how I loves you en de baby. I wants you ter cum home ter yer paw. He say he won' see you, but you cum ennyhow en bring de baby. Mammy tinks marster gwine ter die. He don't say nuttin'; he don't eat much; he don't sleep much. I stays wid him all day, en daddy he sleep by de bed ebery night. Ise yer little Sugy-Honey."

This letter reached Mary in her distant home. Despite every effort, she had heard nothing of her father, and feared he was dead. So even with this sad news, it was with a lighter heart she journeyed toward her old home.

Arriving in the neighborhood, she sent for old Hannah, who gave her the particulars of her father's condition, and together they had many an anxious discussion as to what was best to be done.

"De doctor say it wouldn't do fer you ter go ter see him. He is so sot again' yer fer havin' de captain; der shock ob seein' yer might kill him," Hannah said on one of those occasions. "But you kin stay close by, en I'll make out like I'll hire Sugy-Honey ter you ter nus'; he don't know what yer new name is, nohow, en she kin take de baby ober dar, en maybe marster'll notice him arter awhile."

Thus it was arranged, and the next day when Sugy-Honey did not appear as usual, Col. Henson seemed restless, and finally asked where she was.

"I dun hiren her out to nus'," answered Hannah. "I taut she might es well be makin' er little somethin' se not."

Col. Henson said no more, but he evidently missed the willing hands and feet and the cheery presence to which he had been so long accustomed. As he sat on the porch that evening, a silent, disconsolate figure, he heard a jolly laugh and a baby's pretty cooing. It proved to be Sugy-Honey and her new charge.

The baby was a lovely little fellow, just beginning to prattle. When Sugy-Honey put him down from her lap he toddled in the most matter-of-fact way to Col. Henson, put his hands on the colonel's knees and chatted incessantly in his pretty, lisping lingo.

The colonel soon commenced to take a little interest in farm matters; to inquire of Jake how many of the old negroes were still on the place; what crops he planted, and to give some advice as to their cultivation. Yet it was plain that his day began when Sugy-Honey came with the baby and ended when they left. He still had no idea who the little one really was, for all were afraid to tell him.

Thus the summer days passed. Hannah often reported progress to Mary, who was cheered by her father's improvement, and yet depressed. He had never yet mentioned her name. Would she ever again see his eyes rest upon her with the old fondness? She

HE TODDLED IN THE MOST MATTER-OF-FACT WAY TO COL. HENSON.

and her husband and Hannah thought over all the possible and impossible ways of bringing about a reconciliation, but none of them could devise a plan that appeared safe and feasible. One day in early autumn Sugy-Honey and the baby made their usual pilgrimage to the old place.

The baby had a long weed with a fuzzy end for a tail playing horse. He was calling on "Tuanel," as he called him, to whip up his horse, and while prancing to and fro in some way the weed caught on fire from the open fireplace, and before anyone realized that danger was near, the little form was partially enveloped in flames.

Sugy-Honey rushed to the rescue, for she was the first to see the blaze, and the colonel wrapped the screaming baby in a rug. Their hands and arms were severely burned, but the baby escaped miraculously. Though all his pretty curls were gone and his outside clothing burned, yet the woolen garment next his body was scarcely scorched.

Col. Henson had worked with a will, and while he was rolling and rubbing the baby form he was mentally making an almost unconscious vow:

"Oh Lord, spare this little one I had begun to love, and I will no longer waste my life. Only let me save the baby from a hideous death and I will arouse from my lethargy, I will soften my heart to my only child and take her into my life again."

All this and much more he vowed while life and death hung in the balance, and while he and Sugy-Honey were winning the victory.

At last the danger was past; the baby had ceased crying and was giving one of his rippling laughs over a caper his nurse was executing for his benefit. A swift rush of skirts was heard, for bad news flies quickly, and the baby's mother, with open arms and her heart in her eyes, was in the room, hugging first the baby and then her father, then laughing and crying, talking and explaining all at once. Hannah, who stood in the doorway, with uplifted, streaming eyes, exclaimed:

"Bress the Lawd, oh my soul!"

While Sugy-Honey, despite her burning hands, was dancing a jig in the cornnr, for, though she did not know it, her mission was fulfilled.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

—The eastern owner of a ranch in San Diego county, Cal., has devised a novel way of keeping thoroughly posted as to the condition of his property without the trouble and expense of visiting it two or three times a year. At certain seasons he has an elaborate series of photographs of the property taken, showing the buildings, the stock, the fruit trees and everything about the place. These pictures show the amount of work done and the exact condition of the work on the ranch.

## DRILLING A FLEET.

**A Few Flags Guide the Many Rapid Evolutions.**

The drilling of a fleet is a fascinating spectacle, suggesting as nothing else can the subordination of great force to the control of a single will. A few gayly-colored flags flutter to the main truck of the flagship, remain for two or three minutes, and are suddenly hauled down. Instantly the huge ships begin to turn, to sweep around in great curves, and to rearrange themselves in a new formation. Or scattered cruisers, nearly hull down on the horizon, respond to a summons, and in half an hour come flying back to the fleet, take up their appointed stations, and conform to its movements. The ease with which the fourteen-thousand-ton battle-ships swing round to their helms, the speed with which they take up their new stations, the quick response, and the regularity of movement are extraordinarily impressive. For a shore-going parallel to this fleet, one must imagine twenty-one cavalry regiments maneuvering at a canter, each individually responsive to orders rapidly transmissable over long distances. But on shore it would be impossible, except from a balloon or a commanding hill, to take in the movements at a glance. At sea, one can follow the evolution of each ship. A mistake, a loss or gain of distance, a superfluous or an inadequate turn, is immediately seen, and such signals as "Retaliation badly executed" or "Clytemnestra keep station" quickly fly from the flagship to be read by the whole fleet.

Unquestionably an admiral wields a power for which a general can not hope. A public rebuke is a thing to be avoided, and even if this is not forthcoming any small lapse will be noted by one hundred pairs of eager eyes. Moreover, a comparatively small mistake may involve disaster. We may club our cavalry without real harm, but the contact of two of these great ships moving at ten knots may mean the loss of one or both. The drill of a fleet is an eminently serious undertaking, and the accuracy of this drill is the measure of the maneuvering power of the whole assemblage of ships. All turns, therefore, upon the capacity of the captains and their training. Merely to keep station in cruising formation, following in the wake of a leader, is by no means easy. Attention never for a moment relaxed and the judgment which comes only with long experience are alike required. Helm and speed need perpetual alterations, and the requisite changes must be carefully estimated, or the ship will continuously oscillate to starboard or port, in advance or astern of her station. In evolutions, however, many more qualities must be brought into play. The theorist talks glibly of "turning circles," and affects to believe that the handling of a ship can be reduced to mere geometry. The turning circles of each ship are, of course, recorded in every chart house, but a variety of other conditions arise. The evolutionary qualities of other ships must be observed. Wind, tide, speed, or even the crossing of the wake of another vessel materially affects the turning circle. Here is no mere question of referring to the signal book and giving certain definite words of command. All the conditions constantly vary; judgment is needed at every moment; the education of the eye in estimating distances and exact knowledge of the capabilities of the ship are alike called for. The mere theorist will, in fact, find himself hopelessly incompetent, and the efficient handling of a ship implies qualities which it is not given to everyone to acquire. It is an art rather than a science, and its possession largely determines the fighting capabilities of a navy.—London Times.

## FACTS ABOUT ENGLISH.

**It Is Built Upon Two Languages We Should Be Familiar With.**

In a very recent volume, Race and Language, Prof. Andre Lefevre, of Paris, has presented a critical study of the origin of language, showing in a masterly way how the evolution of tongues is related to the evolution of man. Some of his statements with reference to our own language are exceedingly interesting, quoting, as he does, statistics collected by different individuals, Turner among them.

The Saxon element has to some extent given place to the German and the Latin in our languags, and out of one thousand words used by King Alfred one-fifth are now obsolete. It has been shown by actual counting of the words by M. Thommerel that out of forty-three thousand words thirty-thousand come from the classical languages and thirteen thousand from the German.

"Now of those thirty thousand French or Latin words," says Prof. Lefevre, "which are entirely anglicized in pronunciation, more than a third are but doubles of Saxon words. Hence there is an infinite wealth of synonyms—that is, of expressions applicaple to the subtlest variations of the same idea. The Teutonic element predominates in all that relates to the product of nature, minerals, plants, living animals, to the structure of the human body, to temperature, to atmospherical phenomena, in the names of utensils, furniture and tools. All which marks the relations of words to each other, articles, prepositions, conjunctions, is Saxon. Politics, law, social functions, wealth, honors, philosophy, art, science, trades and cooking, derive their terms from French and Latin. Poetry uses Saxon words by preference, and this it is which renders it so difficult for foreigners to understand; there are two languages in England, and he must know them both who would read Shakespeare and Byron."—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—The most ancient inscriptions date events from the year of the accession of the monarch under whose direction they were prepared, just as at present the laws of a British sovereign are dated in the year of the reign.

## SEEN IN MADEIRA.

**A Peculiar People, Oddly Dressed, and Scenery of Extraordinary Beauty.**

A queer race of men are these natives of Madeira. Mainly of Portuguese origin, they clearly are a nation of half-castes, and the negro cross is conspicuous in their good-natured, ugly faces, in their stature, in their shambling gait, and in their ill-knit frames. Their morality, too, is said somewhat to partake of laxity. They are, however, by no means flagrant offenders, and practice only the lesser vices of pilfering and lying—they would hardly be qualified to come under the generic head of dago without this latter failing—compounding, as it were, for their indulgence in petty larceny and white lies by a rigid economy in the greater crimes. Perhaps they derive their standard of morality from the fact of their living on a very small island—Madeira is only forty miles long by about ten or twelve in breath—for it is a noticeable fact that the dwellers on small islands are seldom given to marked enormity of criminality, a man's nemesis being, it is presumed, too certain to overtake him in a confined space to make it convenient to prepetrate any very great wickedness.

The Madeirans, as a general rule, wear no peculiar costumes. The women cover their heads with a handkerchief, but otherwise their dress is about like that of our villagers. The men generally wear a clean white shirt and white duck trousers with a broad-brimmed straw hat. When they do not wear this, their head is covered by a piece of gear which is, I believe, original in Madeira. In shape and size it exactly resembles a common tea saucer; it is made of black cloth, and fits on to the very point of the back of the head, covering, of course, only about a hand's breadth of its surface and being kept in place apparently by nothing but the force of suction. This "carapuca," or skull cap, is put on and taken off by a handle made of rolled cloth, which projects from its center and stands up from the wearer's head. This handle is as thin and half as long as the stem of a long clay pipe, and the general appearance of the islander with one of these caps is ludicrous in the extreme.

Another peculiarity of dress is the very general wearing of top boots of yellow goat's leather by persons of both sexes and all ages. The slipper so often seen in many parts of Spain and other countries along the Mediterranean would hardly do for the steep hills in Madeira, while the extensive growth of the prickly pear would make going barefooted quite impossible. The use of high boots is therefore sensible enough, but the appearance of a little girl of ten or twelve in a pair of top boots is apt to strike the conventional stranger as singular.

The chief interest of Madeira, however, lies neither in its inhabitants nor in its history, but in the extraordinary beauty of its scenery and the delicious mildness of its climate.

Its vegetation of all kinds is so luxuriant and so lovely and its scenery is so varied and so beautiful that one never tires of going about, and a return to Madeira every now and again is looked forward to with pleasurable anticipations.

In late years they have introduced a railway to take one half-way up the hillside to the "mountain church," and anyone caring to be deprived of lots of fun and varied experiences in the way of locomotion will choose the iron road. But he who wants genuine old-fashioned locomotion will try a pony, a palanquin, or a sleigh. The first mentioned differs very little from any other place where the drivers all fight for patronage, and accompany the rider in his rambles over hill and dale. The palanquin is extremely comfortable, and is much indulged in by residents, particularly those of the gentle sex. Two to four men, according to the weight to be carried, raise a long pole on their shoulders, from which is suspended either a hammock or some other affair in which the traveler lounges during the trip. There is a covering for the head for protection against the sun's rays, and others for the body to guard against the wind. What the majority find most amusing is, however, the sleigh. Maderia streets are paved with little, round cobblestones, worn as smooth as glass, and, instead of carriages, which are only now and again seen, they have large block-runner sleds, with hooded tops, drawn by oxen.—Chicago Record.

**Saved by His Mileage Ticket.**

Mileage tickets in Berlin go by the name of "kilometerheft," and the stamped stubs show exactly when and where the holder of the ticket was at any given time and place. This is what saved the drummer from a Carlsruhe firm the other day in a predicament. Just as he was climbing into a train leaving for Mannheim he was arrested. An awful crime had been committed a few hours before in the Haardt forest, not far away, and the minute description of the perpetrator tallied exactly with the appearance of the unfortunate drummer. Then the ticket came to his rescue. That furnished an undeniable alibi for him, as it showed him to have been one hundred miles from the scene of the crime at the time of its occurrence. The proof was furnished so promptly that the drummer did not even miss his train.—Boston Transcript.

**Not a Good Subject.**

Hoax—How is it you're not married yet?

Joax—This amateur photographic craze is responsible for it.

"How so?"

"All the girls I know have taken to developing negatives."—Philadelphia Record.

**A Neat Negative.**

"Do you find this weather oppressive?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied, "it's very hot and tiresome."

"Would it make matters more endurable if I were to propose to you?"

"Oh, yes. Do propose ice-cream soda and a drive."—Washington Star.

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Louis I. of France was the stammerer, because of a defect in his speech. Michael II., emperor of the east, had a similar defect, which gave him the same designation. It is said he could not speak until he had stamped his feet.

—Alexander the Great was designated by his subjects The Conqueror, a title, though much less deserved, bestowed by his people on Alfonso of Portugal and Aurunzebe, the emperor of India. The same title has been given also to James I. of Arragon; Osman I., sultan of Turkey; William I., the conqueror of England.

—M. Hippolyte Raymond, author of "Les vingt huit jours de Clairette," and many other successful farces in the style of Labiche, shot himself through the head recently in Paris on account of insomnia and worry. His plays were having long runs, and the latest, "Mlle. Bernol," is being rehearsed at the Cluny theater.

—Li Hung Chang, who is not a tobacco smoker, has one of the finest collections of smoking utensils in the world. He has pipes of all ages and from all parts of the world. He keeps adding constantly to his treasures in this line. Cigar-holders of every variety—some of them exceedingly costly—form an interesting feature of his collection.

—Viscount Mountmorres, who is a member of the London county council, has informed the London press that he is ready to furnish it with contributions at the rate of one dollar and fifty cents per two thousand words if taken by the week, or at lower rates for a longer period. He says that he is "a vivid and graceful writer of more than ordinary capabilities."

—Dagobert II. of France was The Young. He was 4 years old when he ascended the throne. Leo II. and Louis VII. were also sometimes thus designated, the former having been only 4, and Louis VII., who was 17 on his accession. Ludwig II. of Germany, who is also designated The Young, was 23 on his accession, and Romanus II., emperor of the east, was 20.

—Nelson's medals were offered for sale a few weeks ago, and now those of Field Marshal Lord Hill, "Wellington's right arm," and for a time commander-in-chief of the English army, are to be sold at auction. Among them are the Waterloo medal, the Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, many foreign orders and swords of honor, and the gold casket in which the freedom of the city of London was presented to him.

—A violent attack on the behavior of the French in the last war printed in the Morgen Zeitung under the title of "Hyenas on the Battlefield," containing serious accusations against the troops engaged in the battle of Woerth, has been shown to be stolen from the Garienlaube of 1866, where the attack was on the conduct of the Austrians at Sadowa. The only changes in the article were the substitution of Woerth for Sadowa and French names for Austrian.

—Mascagni has written an article on opera librettos for a newspaper at Cerignola, in which he says that over one thousand five hundred librettos are written in Italy every year, and that two hundred of them are sent to him. He has had books from a railroad porter, from a sailor, a shoemaker and a pig doctor. One dealt with Italian unity, among the characters being Garibaldi, baritone; the Pope, a basso, and Victor Emanuel, a tenor. Another called "May Day" was about a strike, and had a chorus, "We want an eight-hour day."

## HUMOROUS.

—"Er heap ob folks," said Uncle Eben, "ain' got much to show foh deyre work, 'ceppin' de talkin' dey does about it."—Washington Star.

—Whenever you see a woman wearing suspenders you can safely wager a nickel her husband has borrowed her belt."—Atlanta Constitution.

—Farmer's Wife—"I must go home now, ma'am, we're very busy to-day; going to kill an ox." Schoolmistress—"What, a whole ox at once?"—Le Temps.

—Watts—"So you really believe that a woman can keep a secret?" Potts—"Certainly. I know several who refuse to wear bloomers."—Indianapolis Journal.

—First Boy—"Hello, jus' get back from fishin'?" Second Boy—"Yep." First Boy—"Whatder catch?" Second Boy—"Nawthin' yet; I hain't been home."—Syracuse Post.

—Farmer—"I guess that hog's too old to eat; what shall we do with him?" Hired Man—"Too old to eat! Not much he ain't. He eats more'n more every day."—Credit Lost.

—Walton—"Why did Jones break off his engagement with Miss Oldagres?" Jackson—"On account of her past." "What was the matter with it?" "Nothing; only he thought it was too long."—Spare Moments.

—Briggs—"I have just written a long letter to a girl, but, somehow, I haven't said a thing." Griggs—"I wish I had that gift. I once wrote a long letter to a girl, and if I hadn't said anything in it it wouldn't have cost me so much."—N. Y. Herald.

—Chinese Emperor—"Why did you lose that battle?" General We-Run—"The Japanese attacked us in our rear." "I was informed that they attacked you in front." "Yes, but that was our rear when we got there."—Modes and Fabrics.

—Both Good Shots.—"My wife is an expert in handling a rifle. Put up a coin for a target and she'll hit it in the center every time." "That's nothing. My wife rifles my pockets of all the coin in them and never misses a dime."—Detroit Free Press.

—The Amende Honorable.—"You ought to have apologized to the lady for stepping on her foot," said his mother to Willie after the caller had gone. "I did," answered Willie. "I told her I was sorry she couldn't keep her feet out of my way."—Chicago Tribune.